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that it was too big and that it should be cut down a little because it was not going to be flown on a large flag pole, rather, on a small pole to be erected over our next camp. We laid down the flag on his parents' porch and cut it. SRP, it was concluded, will sew ^{them} the edges, because JVB tried to do so by hand and did not have any success. JVB also produced several pieces of colored fabric which he would like me to sew together (I will use HCRP's machine) to make a larger flag — blue, red, green. De plus, he gave me a large piece of sheet material (white) and a large piece of gray cotton cloth, both of which came to him from the dress factory over all season Sports Center, where his father & brother Richard work. We spent a very nice couple hours, up to our elbows in flag & camping plans. When I left, at about 5 P.M., JVB reported that he would get ^{today} some wide boards to be used for the CHSTM Montage booth. I picked up the canopy that his mother was allowing us to borrow and took it down to Hank at his father's store in Mayfield.

SRP returned to Elkhdale and went about his business; from "out of the blue" there came a knocking on my door at about 8:30 P.M. —

JVB, filled with enthusiasm and life. He drove out in the truck to report that he had successfully "acquired" the necessary lumber

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for the Montage booth; we sat in my "parlour" / sitting room / salon by the Central Sundoff window; I told John, straight out, that I frequently thought of him as a Character out of a Winslow Homer engraving, that I frequently regarded him & our friendship as something out of mid-nineteenth century / Civil War America. I also told him that he was one of a small handful of people who, in my 41 years, had had a major influence on me. He was clearly very pleased to hear what I said and reported that the two people who have had the most impact on him / his life are his ^{paternal} grandfather and SRP. I, of course, was delighted to be so regarded. JVB reported on a scene that took place in the Civil War Museum that he visited last summer in Indiana — it appears that there is a full size horse, stuffed, in the museum, and that it is wearing a saddle and bridle & all. JVB was alone in the room with the horse and all the Civil War paraphernalia and suddenly had the impression that he was living in Civil War America — the ^{temporal} foundation between 1984 and ^{the} 1860s were rendered fluid and simultaneous to him there and not there. "La nature est un temple, on de vivants piliers laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles..." — Baudelaire.